

PHOENIX

'99



PHOENIX 1999

The College Of New Rochelle
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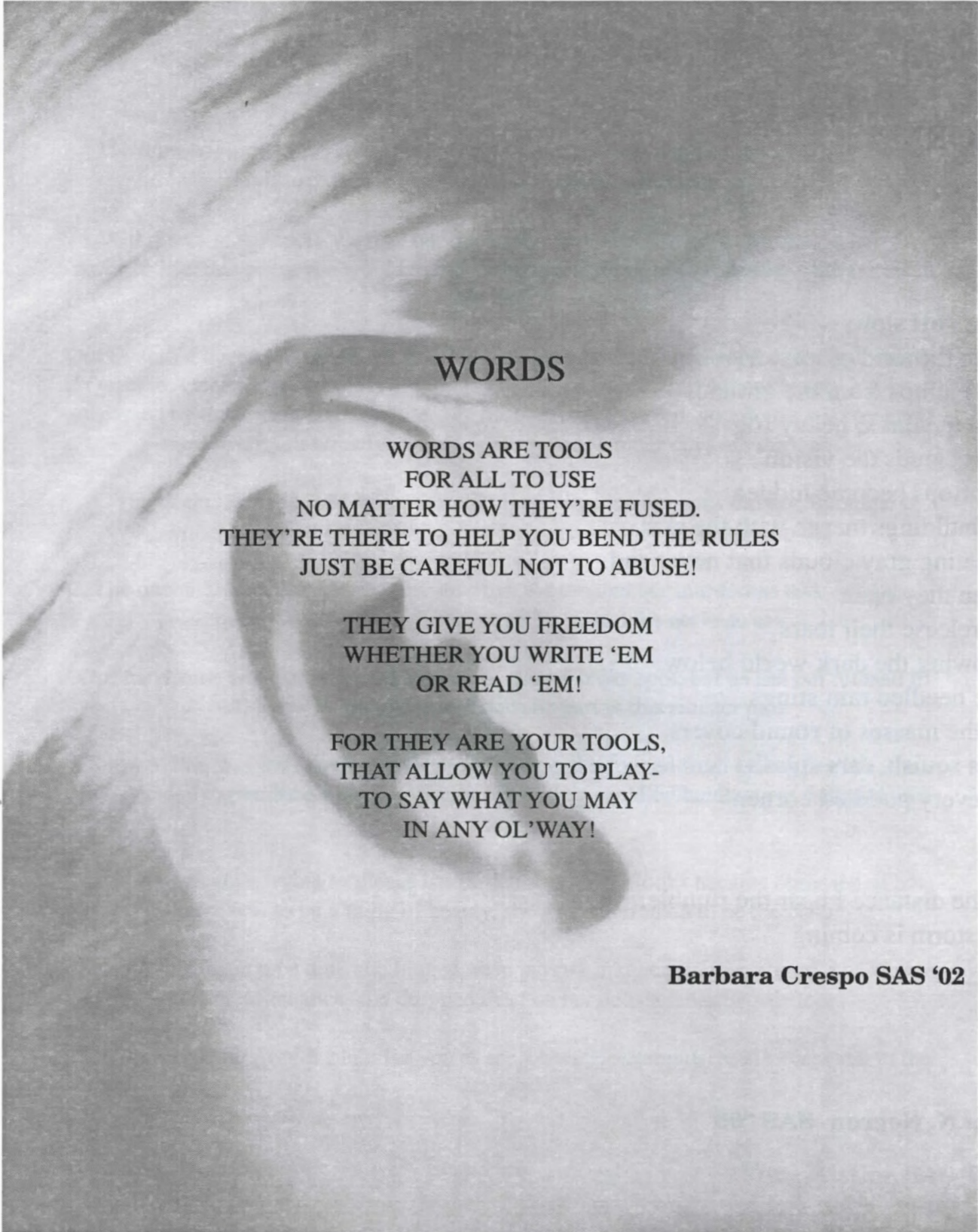
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WORDS

WORDS ARE TOOLS
FOR ALL TO USE
NO MATTER HOW THEY'RE FUSED.
THEY'RE THERE TO HELP YOU BEND THE RULES
JUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO ABUSE!

THEY GIVE YOU FREEDOM
WHETHER YOU WRITE 'EM
OR READ 'EM!

FOR THEY ARE YOUR TOOLS,
THAT ALLOW YOU TO PLAY-
TO SAY WHAT YOU MAY
IN ANY OL' WAY!

Barbara Crespo SAS '02

Photo by Amy Sinclair SAS '99

STORM

Starts off slow,
With the kind of mist
That jumps from the ground,
And the thick, heavy fog
That clouds the vision.
Rooftops become hidden
As buildings merge with the sky,
Creating gray clouds that never end.
Then they open
To release their tears,
Showing the dark world below.
The needled rain stings
At the masses of round covers.
Feet squish, cars splash
At every puddled corner.

In the distance I hear the rumble;
the storm is coming.

Alba N. Negron SAS "99

The Sad Truth

My story begins in a far away land, many years ago, with a queen whose beauty was unsurpassed, not to mention as conceited as they go.

Withdrawn in her room we find our queen this very night, to make her magic mirror come to life, this poem she would recite, "Mirror, mirror in my hand, who's the fairest in the land?"

Our paranoid queen let out such a horrible cry, when her magic mirror haughtily did reply, "Queenie, Queenie, it is useless to put up a fight, for your young radiant beauty has been surpassed by that of fair Snow White. My beauty fixated Queen, your looks will never do, move over you homely sack of bones, your glamour days are through."

The queen stormed, and stomped, and raged, but soon her tears did dry, upon the conclusion that Snow White, her daughter, would simply have to die.

The queen ordered her strongest woodsman to carry out her murderous task, why the queen wanted Snow White dead, he lacked the nerve to ask.

Our handsome woodsman found himself in quite a sticky spot, but he flat out refused to kill Snow White, he would have no part in this sinister plot.

Snow White was overjoyed that the woodsman had refrained from ending her life, the two decided to purchase a cozy love nest where they could co-habitate as husband and wife.

Snow White, while trying to please her husband, with her looks became obsessed, if ever there was to be a thing of beauty, she was determined to be the best.

Snow White went on a diet, she binged, then purged, and purged some more, until from lack of sustenance, she dropped dead on her polished hardwood floor.

The moral of this story is plain for you to see, obsessive-compulsive disorders run in the family.

Tara Kistler SAS '01



Photo by Gillian Bourassa SAS '02

The I Love You Poem

I loved you for a little,
And when I told you I loved you,
You backed away and hid.
It's been a long time since then,
And we've both gotten wiser and mature instead.

Silence is the gift,
That conceals our fears.
It is our blessing that may take many years.
Maybe I'll never see you again,
Maybe just for awhile.
The pain you caused is immense,
And I'm still in denial.

I couldn't believe you could hurt me.
I'm such an innocent and fragile creature,
Never committing wrong,
Never hating you which was my fear.

Every hour spent,
I look back and rejoice,
For I love you even now that you've gone away.

I don't know where you are tonight.
Maybe someone is holding your hand,
Or you are singing in some band.

Wherever you are tonight, I love you.
You'll never be forgotten.
You'll never be lost.
I really love you.
Maybe someday you'll say the same.

Cheryl Elizabeth Nyman SAS '00

Drive

Keep going...just keep going. Beyond the edge of the world; to the end of reality. Keep going. Just keep driving along the black river of asphalt. Drive until you lose your mind. So I do, but the radio doesn't work.

"Drive," he said. The last words I'll ever hear spoken.

I'm driving but I don't know where. There's no place left for me to go. There's no one left for me to see. I pump the car full of gas at empty, ghost filled stations. Hell, I'm wrong, even the ghosts have left.

"Drive," he said, "just keep going."

Come see America! See the land of the free, the land of invisible people. Come see America, now that tourist season is forever closed. Come to our America from behind a bug splattered windshield. Baby, it's the only way to travel! Witness the red, white, and blue country full of its star-spangled emptiness. See it through your tears and exhaustion. Tour it and let your head rest against the hard metal of your steering wheel. Sometimes you're the windshield...sometimes you're the bug.

Where am I going?

Why doesn't the radio work?

"Drive," he said, "just keep going."

I want to cry but there's nothing left inside of me. I am empty, touring this God-forsaken country in Joseph's blood red Blazer. I try not to think about him. In fact, I can hardly recall how his soft brown eyes were blood shot with fever and tears. It is better not to remember. Live only in the moment and forget it all. Just drive.

"Drive," he said, "just keep going, Baby. Just drive."

Where am I going?

What am I doing?

Who am I as I drive down the long ribbon of highways? Do you know, because I don't. I don't even know my name. Here I am driving through America's heartland, leaving California behind me as fast as I can.

I don't even know who I am and I can't get the radio to work! What I wouldn't give for a traffic report or an all hour news station. My soul for any sign of life! What a safe trade that is because there is no one left to trade with. Nightmares are more reality based than this world I have become a part of. Most of all, I would give anything to wake up next to Joseph. That won't happen. So here I am...Alone.

I wanna go home.

"Drive," he said.

I should mourn the loss of Tara, Joseph, and my world. I should be grieving for my family and the insanity. I should but I can't. My mind is focused on one thought. My ears are filled with one word.

Drive.

High noon or the witching hour. California or Carolina. It doesn't matter. The world is void of people. Except for me, alone and afraid. My head hurts, my throat is dry, and I am so very tired. Doesn't matter though, I have to keep going. The demons are out there chasing me, just a few steps behind me.

I will go home, to my childhood place of safety. If the past is all that remains then I will hold on to it as long as I can. There is a solace that can be gained, I think. We will see. Still I am going, if only because I am alone and the fucking radio doesn't work!

"Drive," he said, "just keep going, Baby. Just drive."

I reach the east coast sometime before early morning. It's been a long time since the virus escaped, the exact time though is unknown. It has to be longer than a month. What does it matter? There is no one left to remind me.

I'm in Georgia, sixteen hours from home. Not long now, I can see the turn off for I-95 North. I am almost home.

Drive.

Tara was one of the first victims of the virus. She just turned six.

My Tara, my baby girl.

She came running home from school, her pale green eyes bloodshot. An hour later the fever came. I made her comfortable on the couch and turned

the cartoons on. She took some children's fever medication. I thought it was the flu. Who would ever have suspected the truth? I mean, would you?

"Drive," he said, "just keep going, Baby. Just drive. Miranda, I need you to live. Get your ass in the car and leave."

I am going home.

"Drive."

He knew, damn it! He'd known what was going on. He'd been a scientist in the lab where the virus originated, man made. I hate to think of my darling Joseph that way but it's true. He could have prevented all this.

Maybe.

Maybe not.

Joseph came through the door in a frenzy of anger and fear. He grabbed blankets and food, he packed my clothing. In less than ten minutes he had the truck packed. He wanted Tara and me to flee, to leave him behind. Joseph was already infected. He couldn't make the trip with us, not without us being infected.

It was already too late.

"Drive," he said, "save yourself and our daughter."

"Save us? From what? Joseph, Tara is sick with the flu. We can't play games. You want to take her anywhere then it will be to her doctor."

"Tara is sick?"

"Yeah, she has the flu."

"No," he said, burying his head in his hands.

"What's wrong?"

"You'll have to leave her then, Miranda. Get yourself away from here," he said placing the truck keys in my hand.

"I don't understand."

"It doesn't matter," he said, "you have to leave and I won't play weird games with you while our daughter has the flu."

"Tara doesn't have the flu. She isn't sick. Miranda, Tara is dying."

"That is not funny, Joseph. You're one sick man!"

"I am," he replied, "as sick as Tara. We are both dying. You have to leave for your own safety."

"I'm not leaving my daughter."

"Drive," he said, "just keep going, Baby. Just drive. Miranda, I need you to live. Get your ass in the car and drive. It doesn't matter where you go as long as you go. Miranda, drive."

I didn't go right away. I waited and watched my family die. There was nothing I could do, no way to save them. Maybe leaving would have been easier. I couldn't and so I stayed. Helpless, I watched and waited. Tara went quickly. Only two hours and forty-two minutes, where I watched my daughter suffer. She moaned in her sleep but went rather quietly.

The first hour was quiet. Tara's cheeks were flushed with healthy color. Her breathing was easy. Not so the second hour. I watched the color fade to a pale gray. Her lips trembled. Then her glossy long black curls fell out. She never awoke and I rejoice in that. God forgive me, but I'm happy she died the way she did. I celebrate the fact that she never opened her eyes or choked out a question. I didn't get to say good-bye, but then I didn't have to tell her what was happening either.

How do you tell your daughter she is dying?

Joseph carried her body away, I don't know what he did with her. My baby was dead. This couldn't be happening, but it was. There, where she had lost her last breath, remained her hair. I collected each strand, slowly, trying, to find each one. I tied them together with a pale blue ribbon and put it together carefully in my purse.

"Now will you leave?" Joseph begged.

"No," I sobbed, "Let me stay here with you. Let me die."

"No Miranda. You won't suffer for my sins. I wanted to save Tara, honest. I tried to get here in time. It's too late, you have to leave."

"Why your sin? Did something happen at the lab?"

"We never meant for this to happen. Something went wrong. They shut down the lab. They were going to let us die, but it was too late. A few of us escaped to warn our families. To make sure someone survived."

"You left the lab? Do you realize you might have spread it? Do you realize you might be the reason Tara is dead?"

"Don't yell at me, Miranda. I'm sorry. I am going to live the rest of my short life sorry. I had to

come home. Once you're alone in this world, you will realize how much you need to go home. No, I don't mean that! I love you and I am more sorry than you will ever know."

"This is a nightmare, a dream."

"No, Miranda. Dreams end. There is no end for this except the death that awaits. Please, just forgive me and leave. I can't watch you die too. I need to see you leave."

He wouldn't kiss me, just touched my hair and sent me away. He waved me off as if I were only going down the road to the supermarket. I got in the Blazer and turned out of our driveway, looking back on him in the mirror. He stood on the front porch waving at me, the sun turning his blonde hair gold. He blew me a kiss and nodded toward the rising moon. So I headed east, toward the place of my birth.

Joseph was right about home, you need the memories in the end.

Drive.

I am passing the empty toll booths on the NJ Turnpike. In the hysterical pleasure of the moment, I can laugh. We should have done away with the tolls a long time ago! There is no traffic, no cars. There should be cars. Am I really all alone? What do you do in a world by yourself?

Nothing, there is nothing you can do.

I am in New York state, going along a new highway. LI Expressway, a parking lot waiting to happen. At least it always was, before. It's eerie the way everything is cleaned up. Don't you agree? Shouldn't there be cars, even if all the people are gone? Shouldn't there be some sign of the previous world and its inhabitants?

I am passing familiar towns, like Huntington and Commack. I am almost home.

There is no place like home.

Drive.

I can see the old house from here. It hasn't changed at all since the day we locked it up. That was the day Mom died. We were going to sell it, good thing we didn't. I need it now. An empty house for the sole survivor of Apocalypse. It's fitting somehow. The house and I are similar. We are both alone, objects of the past.

Nostalgia makes me feel safe. I go in.

"Drive," he said.

Where do I go now, Joseph?

Nicole Helena Puzzo SAS '99

FOR EVERYTHING

Love, the stars are falling all around us .

You keep me from harm.
Like a miracle in my arms.

You kiss me,
I kiss you a hundred times .

You held my hand,
I let out a half breathed response to your finger tips;
to the mystery of your touch.

Am I wanting too much?

Go ahead, make a wish.
On those evenings, we saw forever.

So many things to say,
no words to say them with.
Whisper in my heart,
and tell me you are there.

It is enchanting, at night,
the way your eyes catch the light.

It's getting late, I must be going.
Who knows where the time goes?

One last glimpse before I go.
I don't want to though.

To feel your heart beating beneath my hand
And the morning sun on your face.
For you, in my heart, there is always a place.

Benedetta Serranio SAS '01

ANIMAL CRUELTY

Pay Outrageous Prices
Sit In Disgusting Arena Aisles
Applauding Simultaneously
Before Your Eyes
Tricks Performed By Trained-Maimed

ANIMALS

Barbaric Nature
Use It All Up
Leave None For Later
Abusers For Amusement
Breakers And Unmakers

ANIMAL CRUELTY
MASKED BEAUTY
PEOPLE ROOTING
VIOLENCE CONSTRUING

Suffer Do We
We Take Over And Do Not Replant
The Seed
Speed Up And Exceed
Infest Greed

Barbara Crespo SAS '02

My Lonely Heart, How Do You Fare?

My lonely heart, how do you fare?
I ask as I watch the midnight sky.
Dance with me if you dare.

Who is here to hold me? To care?
Who is here to see me cry?
My lonely heart, how do you fare?

I feel your presence in the air,
As you waltz sweetly by,
“Dance with me if you dare”

I failed to act with caution, to beware.
Now I’m brought down from my natural high.
My lonely heart, how do you fare?

I still feel your cheek pressed against my hair
And memories to me they still fly,
“Dance with me if you dare”

I lived and loved without a care
And now, am left to weep and “Why”?
My lonely heart, how do you fare?
“Dance with me if you dare.”

Melissa A. Perez SAS '01



Photo by Gillian Bourassa SAS '02

ME

Stimulation in my mind
Determination in my soul.
Succeeding at all times is the key to the future in which I hold.

Just passing is not good enough for me,
For I am what I am, being the best is what I ought to be.

I speak my mind.
Sometimes with anger, sometimes kind.
However I may choose, I say what I mean, PLEASE
Take it how you want, but don't take it offensively.

It's not that I'm too mean, too nice indeed.
My stride, my ways, my personality, that's me,
And I like being me.

Sonara Baker SAS '00

Schizophrenic Chocolate

12/23/98— Home today. I sit still, I stare at the wall. I pretend not to listen to the screaming. Maybe the screaming is in my head the way they say it is, and not in the living room. Mommie screaming at Daddy. Alone. Afraid. An echo shakes my frame. The smiling yellow face on the wall speaks to me in the voice of a friend. It is not the voice that is evil, but the damage...

I wish they would understand that.

1/23/99— Today is school again. A cage is made of stone for me and only me. They make the glass cold and the metal sting, but I don't mind. I have strength in my head. The voices tell me that I am little, just a pawn in the false one's plan. But when they kill the shadows, I will be princess, the maiden, the lusted after. I will never be lonely again. I will never look at *she* and feel like scum. My dreams project out and all the world can hear my plans and scream too, like the voices do, but I am not afraid.

2/2/99— Instructions from the overlords today. I need to go, to be in a dirty coat on 42nd street and breathe pollution, waiting for a sign. They praise my faith. Soon, say they, comes the flood to wash away the insects, to make the false ones bleed. I am their darling. Chosen, chosen at last. They taught me to smile.

Saw *she* today, almost kissed her. I must ask them if *she* can be in their grand design too. I do not tell *she* about them. I see their glitter on *she*; perhaps they choose *she* too. Oh, joy, in in that case! I would share the bounty with *she*, gladly. *She* is the only one worthy to be in this world. Beautiful, beautiful, like the trees and the ants and the darkness and the stars and soda can red. Like the lollipops and the light in the side of a medicine bottle.

2/3/99— Peter Gabriel brought the whispers of the overlords today on that park bench. The normals heard this Is The Picture but I heard the Divinity in it, telling me what I have to do. I wept, but it did not listen. It handed down its sentence without feeling. *To prove your loyalty you must feed **she** to the 456 train. It must have her blood in sacrifice, and then will our plan move to its end.*

2/4/99— **She** and I in the city today. I must decide what I will do. I see the signs and know that the green dots want to eat **she** up, the Overlords behind them crying for the red inside of **she**. A hundred thousand stories break away, the glass and steel and the thousand little light bulb human eyes. A velvet dress on **she** and me as well, the broken glass pattern of the crushes and black shoes and the life of sparkling sidewalks.

I lead **she** down the staircase, my mind decided at last. I take **she**'s hand and call her by the name the world gave to her and me as well. *Evangeline, my darling...*

We fall through space.

The Overlords approve me

At last **she** is mine.

Sarah Faye Starr SAS '01

LOVE ME A BLACK MAN

And he puts on his gators
over his silk socks
that match his silk tie
he's got in a Windsor knot
And he pulls up his pants
with the perfect crease
pulling his jacket across the double breast
so the buttons can meet
And he lays the trench on his back
protects his bald head with a feather hat
watch as he glides in front of me
no one else can strut like that
And his soul's windows make me understand
the words on his voice that play the bass in the band
skin color like the darkest sand
Damn-I love me a black man.

And he puts on his boots
over his Nike socks
that go with the Nike hat
I thought was cute so he got
And he puts on his jeans
5 sizes too big
for that perfect baggy fit
that he doesn't want to wear a belt with
And he ties back his long locks
give a pound to his boy on the block
while the system in his whip knocks
something like, I thought I told you that we won't stop
And he says
"What the deal shorty. Can I get down with you?"
got me blushing, smiling the biggest smile I can
Damn- I love me a black man

And he shows me a picture of his mom
the touch of his hand tells me he means no harm
his accidental brush made me feel warm
the voice in my mind says, I got something for him
And the power of his arm
the strength of his fist
my body can't resist
could this be the feel of happiness
And he has the look of cocoa butter
just look at this brother
in my breast, his face, I smother
irreplaceable by another
And when he licks his lips
and packs his bags to take a trip
somebody pass me a fan
Damn-I love me a black man

Natalie "Renaissance" Thomas SAS '00

Little Boy of Mine

Who is this man?
That thinks he can
Shot down, caught up in his own master plan

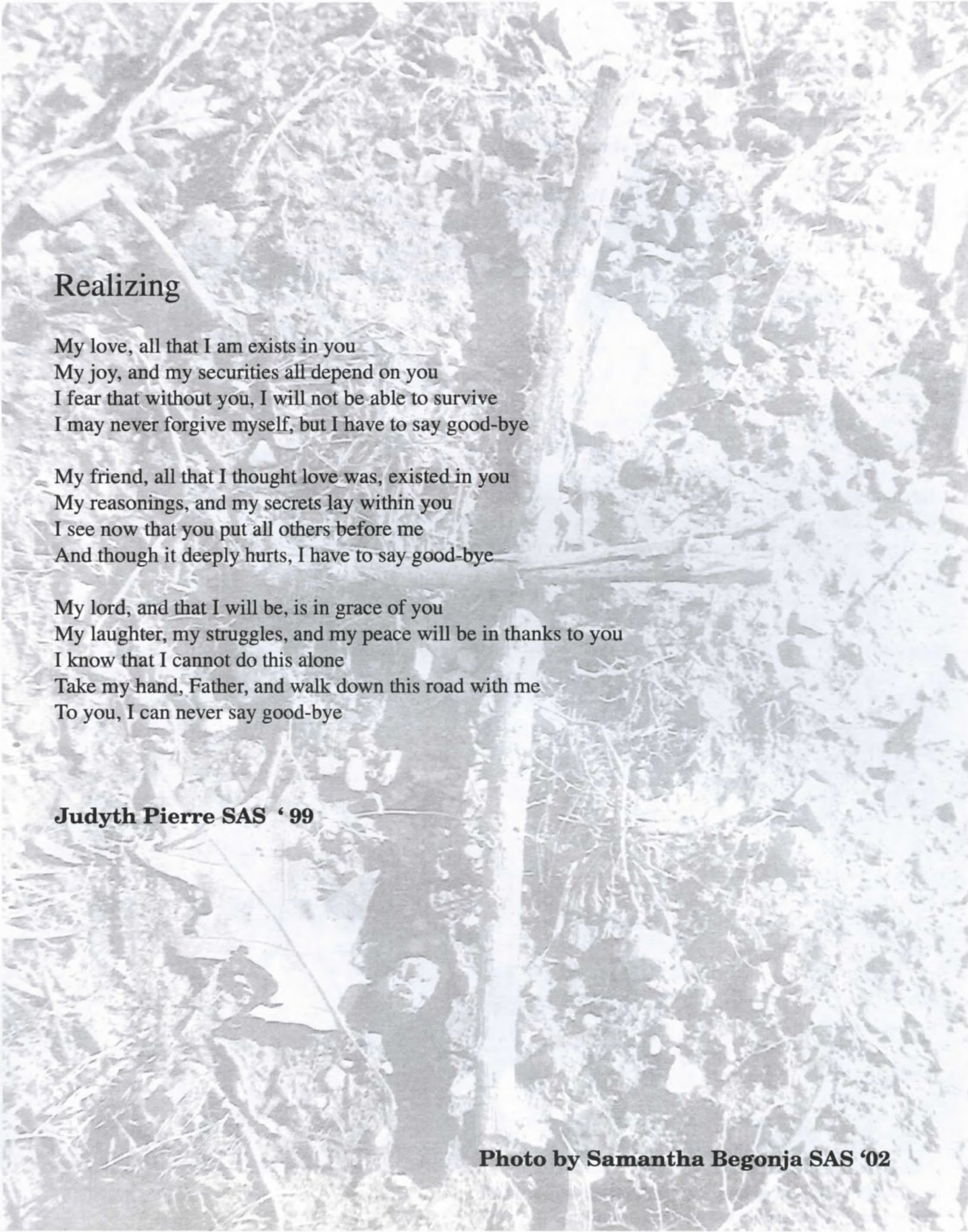
Who is this man?
That knows no good
Living lifeless in cypress
Assuming the hood is all good

Highly intelligent, but knows nothing at all
Drinking made forties, puffing woolies, downing 100% pure alcohol

Who is this man?
Still wet behind the ears
He has no fears, sheds no tears

His pants are falling
The family is calling
His name, Shame
Born with no life
Giving in, growing up
Surrendering to the drug game.

Sonora Baker SAS '00



Realizing

My love, all that I am exists in you
My joy, and my securities all depend on you
I fear that without you, I will not be able to survive
I may never forgive myself, but I have to say good-bye

My friend, all that I thought love was, existed in you
My reasonings, and my secrets lay within you
I see now that you put all others before me
And though it deeply hurts, I have to say good-bye

My lord, and that I will be, is in grace of you
My laughter, my struggles, and my peace will be in thanks to you
I know that I cannot do this alone
Take my hand, Father, and walk down this road with me
To you, I can never say good-bye

Judyth Pierre SAS '99

Photo by Samantha Begonja SAS '02

The Zit

"I hate my life," Daria screamed at her mother as they rode to school. "If you really loved me you wouldn't let me go to school with this zit on my face. All the boys will laugh and make fun of me. HELLO, are you listening to me?"

"Yes Daria, I'm listening to you. You'll be fine. No one is going to notice," her mother tried uselessly to convince her daughter.

"No, I won't." She screwed her face like a prune. "I'll be scarred for life and you don't care. I'll never forgive for you this. NEVER."

"Have a nice day, honey," was all her mother could squeeze in before her daughter slammed the door. Daria heavily planted one foot in front of the other until she reached her friend, Tabitha, at the school doors. All the kids were outside waiting for the doors to open.

"Oh my God, it looks worse than you said," Tabitha greeted her.

"Can you really notice it?" Daria whispered covering her face with her scarf.

"Well not really. Only if I look at you," she continued to comfort her friend, "Maybe if you put your hair like this," Tabitha moved a black curl in front of Daria's face.

"Oh my God, here comes Johnny. Hide me. My face looks like it will explode," Daria said as she jumped behind her friend, "I can't let him see me like this. I just can't. Tell me when he is gone."

"Hi Johnny," Tabitha smiled trying to hide Daria as he walked by.

"Hi Tabitha. Hi Daria, I can see you." He walked over to his friends. The girls huddled.

"Do you think that he knows that I am the one who sent the letter?" Daria wondered.

"No, not at all. He would have said something by now."

The bell rang indicating the beginning of the school day. All the students filed into the building unwillingly ready to start the day.

"Shall we?" Tabitha asked, offering her arm to her friend.

"I guess."

The two linked arms and turned into the building.

"Oh my goodness, how am I going to confront him today? This zit is on the top of my nose!" Daria carried on, "Come on, let me wait one more day."

"No, the deal was that you would tell him today. No matter what. So you have to do it," Tabitha was relentless.

"Please Tabb--"

"No, I'll see you in-between periods."

Tabitha ran off to class before Daria could say anymore. Throughout the day until lunchtime, Daria and Tabitha passed notes back and forth about what should be done about Johnny. After much deliberation it was decided that Daria would come clean during the lunch period.

"What am I going to say?" Daria asked as the girls approached their lunch table.

"Tell him you are the one who sent the letter."

"Then what?"

"I don't know, see what happens."

"Come with me. Please, please, please?"

"Okay."

They walked over to Johnny's table where his friends surrounded him. They seemed to be laughing at something.

"I've been watching you all year. You know me. I like you. Do you like me?" One of Johnny's friends read in a mocking seductive voice.

"And it reeks of perfume. What did she do? Drop it in the bottle?" another one joked.

They continued to laugh over the note she sent yesterday. Suddenly Daria noticed she was standing alone. She turned to see Tabitha back at the table. The boys seemed to notice her standing there.

"What do you want Daria?" he asked. All eyes were on her. Her heart was pounding and she didn't think one syllable would be able to come out of her mouth. But she finally managed the courage to say something.

"Um, do you, um have, ah, the math homework?"

Chachanna Simpson SAS '00



Photo by Samantha Begonja SAS '02

Ghetto Streets

Walking these ghetto streets,
music booming from the slick cars
with shady windows
cracked opened
dark eyes peering out...

Loud gum chewing girls
acted hard
in-your face
with door knocking earrings
and rings of guys they've "loved"
I wonder how they got like this.
Is it for show,
of years of neglect?
The lost innocence of society,
to stereotypes,
to poverty.

I could have been like that;
like those who don't care,
and fall into the chaotic flow
of the ghetto streets,
wasting away
by standing in the corners
looking for trouble.

But I refused,
knowing that I could do better,
do more with my life.

And I wish somehow
that the eyes behind the shady windows
and the loud, hard girls could see
they could do better also.

Alba N. Negron SAS '99

WHO'S THE SMOOTHEST SISTA ON THE PLANET 2

For all those who don't know I'm the smoothest sista on the planet
Here's a quick lil' something to help you better understand it

My jacket's 100% leather
Carry a Gucci umbrella in bad weather
Ralph Lauren's the name on the sweater
Sweetheart I got my thang together

I'm blinding all y'all cuz I stay icy
Haters will be haters so they prolly want to fight me
I see you peeping homebody looking like you like me
Got imitators frontin' like they me but still not quite me

I was the first the beginning of mankind
This world was built by sons of mine
I reflect the sun's rays when the moon don't shine
And I am that good woman that you say is so hard to find

I'm the vessel of life because I give birth
I'm the pivotal character in this stageplay called earth
I reassure my man of his self worth
And in all situations family comes first

I fly the planes that invade foreign lands
I design the plans to build cities of foreign sands
I control the shuttle that orbits the space man
And yeah, I still love me a black man

Well, by now I think you should know
Can't say I didn't cuz twice I told you so
But for anyone questioning my authority
The question is The Smoothest Sista On the Planet- who would that be
And I'll respond with an answer plainly
Who's the Smoothest Sista On the Planet
Yeah, that's me

Natalie "Renaissance" Thomas '00

Apples

Mommy and Daddy took me apple pickin,' apple pickin' up in the country. The leaves were dyin' on the ground, on the ground, and the wind took that pretty snow globe and shook my world upside down. Autumn snow was blowin' all around, all around. Brown and mushy apples were dyin' on the ground, big piles of bittersweet ooze, with fat, juicy, squiggly, shiny worms peekin' outside their doors to say, "peek-a-boo." I saw the perfect apple trapped by his lonesome in the tallest tree. I saw a ruby red diamond and I knew it was for me. Tall, fat, round, dimpled on the bottom, and what a lovely shade of crimson red; I shimmied up that tree when Mommy turned her head. Waxy skin just out of the reach of chubby, stout, little fingers. I swear that gem of an apple began laughin' at me as I fell down, down into a pile of half dead, rotting apples with wiggly worms writhing all around, all around. I looked up at my apple and began laughin' and cryin,' cryin' and laughin', laughin' 'till my belly shook and shuddered. Laughin' 'till my eyes became open wells and the tears just came flowin' down and that wind shook that big snow globe, turned my world upside right, upside down, and autumn snow began blowin' all around, all around.

Tara Kistler SAS '01

DAYBREAK ANIMOSITY

How can he hate me, when he caresses me before dawn,

For the night holds secrets for lovers joined together

Who flee from each other's embrace

Before the obstructive morn.

And then, comes the anguish of day, delay of the unison, two lovers

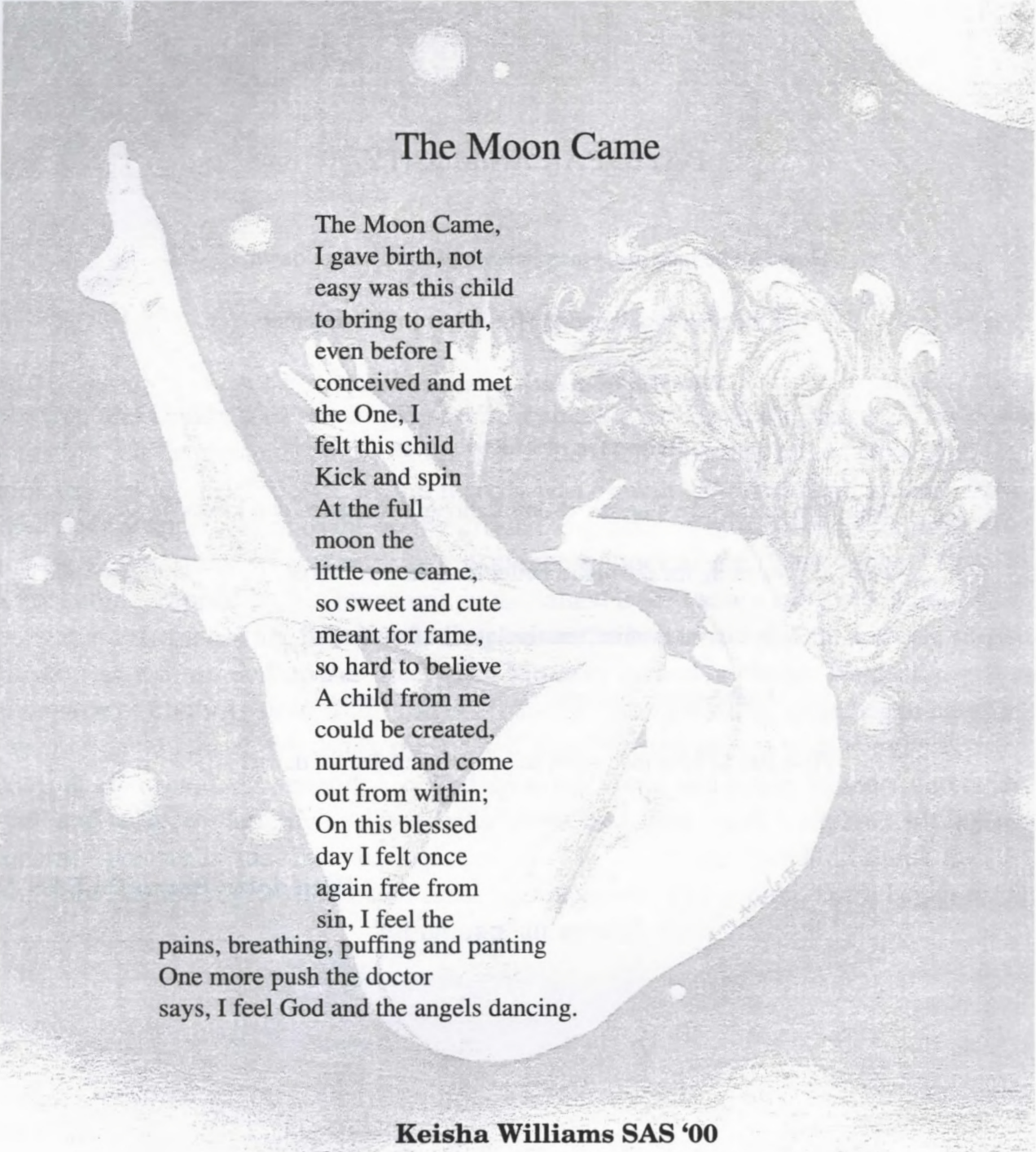
Awaiting for the night, better than the one before.

Lovers reunite, manipulator of the mind!

Jumbling my thoughts, stirring my emotions...

How can he hate me, when he caresses me before dawn?

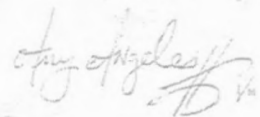
Benedetta Serranio SAS '01



The Moon Came

The Moon Came,
I gave birth, not
easy was this child
to bring to earth,
even before I
conceived and met
the One, I
felt this child
Kick and spin
At the full
moon the
little one came,
so sweet and cute
meant for fame,
so hard to believe
A child from me
could be created,
nurtured and come
out from within;
On this blessed
day I felt once
again free from
sin, I feel the
pains, breathing, puffing and panting
One more push the doctor
says, I feel God and the angels dancing.

Keisha Williams SAS '00



Drawing by Amy Angeles SAS '01

The Hunt

When fearless wolves do make their lonesome howl,
The creatures of night raise a cry,
And the weather of night turns black and foul,
One of the creatures, man or beast, will die.
As wind and rain blows through the swaying trees,
As bough upon bough does seek to bend,
And winds sweep through like a contagious disease,
A doomed creature, its life, seeks to defend.
The creature is stalked with relentless haste,
Pairs of glowing eyes float behind their prey,
A creature will soon be laid to waste,
Never again to see the blessed light of day.
When light of day turns to night once more,
The hunt resumes across the forest floor.

Melissa A. Perez SAS '01

Life Lesson

Nine year old Alan Bordeaux stood next to the public water fountain in the hallway of the Family Courthouse in South Hampton. He held a stuffed black horse in one hand while he watched, fascinated, by the many different people who needed to drink. His inquisitive stare made some people uncomfortable. It was obvious he wasn't normal.

Alan wore thick coke bottle glasses over his beady brown eyes. His mouth was shaped oddly; he had large lips that didn't quite close over his teeth. Alan had always needed special attention. He was slow for his age and he required a little more help than most kids. His sister, Mara, was the one to take responsibility for him when their parents were busy, which was quite often. Alan adored his older sister. She tolerated him.

Mara was sitting sullenly on the bench outside of the courtroom. She had perfected her "I'm bored with my life" look and sat quietly watching her brother. Today was the day she would be able to go live with her father. Her father was inside fighting for custody of her and only her. He didn't want Alan because he couldn't give him the special attention. She was glad. Lately, she had begun to resent Alan's presence. He often embarrassed her in front of other people. He didn't understand manners, or personal space.

"Alan, get away from that water fountain. Leave those people alone," she said curtly.

Alan looked up at his sister, "No. I am just watching." Each word came slowly, and sounded like he had a bad cold. That was how he always spoke.

"Well, maybe people don't want you to watch." She stood up and walked over to him. When she grabbed his arm he pulled it back and tried to move away. That action infuriated her, and she began to lose her temper.

"Mara, go away," he whined.

"Alan," she said sternly, "this is not the place for your stupid games. Sit down on that bench with me. Sit down or I'm taking that ugly horse away from you."

"NO! I don't want to."

Mara realized that she was creating a scene. She scowled at him, hoping that her displeasure would make him feel bad. It didn't work. She huffed back to the bench and sat down angrily. *He's such a brat*, she thought.

I can't wait until I leave with daddy. I wonder

what California will be like... I'll get to meet some movie stars...

Alan watched his sister over the top of his glasses. His mouth twitched slightly.

"Mara?" he asked. She ignored him so he tried again.

"Mara?"

Mara heard him but she decided not to answer him. She knew he hated when she ignored him. Out of the corner of her eye, she watched him inch his way towards her. She pretended to be interested in the ceiling.

Suddenly, the doors burst open and their father came out. Andrew Bordeaux was a tall, elegant man with black hair and green eyes. His expression was one of anger. Mara jumped off the bench and ran to him, throwing her arms around his waist.

"Daddy! Can we go now? I'm ready," she said excitedly.

He looked down at her with a pained expression.

"No honey, you can't come home today. The judge ruled for your mother."

Mara's eyes widened in horror.

"What? But Daddy I don't want to live with her. I want to live with you," her voice cracked with emotion.

Mara's mother walked out and looked sadly at her.

"Alan, Alan come here honey," she said motioning to her son.

Mara turned to her mother in anger. "Mom, I don't want to go with you. I want to stay with Daddy!" she cried.

Andrew looked at his ex-wife, a muscle in his jaw twitched slightly.

"Katia, see what you've done," he said, annoyed.

Katia stiffened and pressed her lips together in defiance, "This is what's best for both of them Andrew. You can't split them apart. Alan needs her."

"Mom, I am not going home with you. I'm not!" Mara yelled,

Alan didn't like the rise in the voices surrounding him, "Mara, stop yelling."

"Shut up Alan. It's your fault I have to live with Mom."

"Mara! Enough!" Katia whispered angrily.

"Mara, you can come visit during holidays," Andrew said, ignoring what had just happened. Mara looked up into her father's eyes. She saw a tear in his right eye. That was all she needed to make her push her cause.

"No, Daddy. I want to stay with you. Please Daddy, Please," tears came to her own eyes and she hugged him tightly.

"Mara, let's go. We are leaving now," Katia said firmly.

It hurt her to see her family torn up this way. Unfortunately, some things can't be helped. Andrew and Mara had always done everything together. He doted on her and she adored him. Unfortunately, they often left Alan alone with her. She didn't want to keep them apart, but Alan needed his older sister.

Alan and Mara used to have a special relationship too. The divorce changed all that. Although, some of it could be contributed to Mara's age as well. She had just turned thirteen. Sometimes it felt as if Mara had disappeared and a sullen, rude child had taken her place.

"Honey, I'll call you every night. On the weekends, I'll take you out to dinner. Just you and me," Andrew said, hoping to placate Mara.

He bent down to kiss her forehead and then turned and walked away. He didn't even glance back.

Mara watched in disbelief. She was stunned. She felt a tug on her hand. When she looked down, Alan was looking at her.

"Mara we're leaving now. Come on," he said nonchalantly.

"No! I hate you," she said in barely controlled anger.

"Mara! Stop it," her mother said heartbroken.

"I hate all of you!" she yelled. She turned away and ran after her father. When she got outside she caught sight of his car driving away. She stood there, feeling utterly betrayed. She couldn't even cry. Her eyes followed his car until it turned the corner.

Katia rushed out the door and saw Mara standing on the sidewalk alone. Mara turned and saw her mother. Her eyes narrowed and her jaw clenched. Katia walked cautiously to her daughter's side and tried to put a hand on her shoulder. Mara swung out, knocking her mother's hand away.

"Don't touch me," she seethed.

Katia was hurt by Mara's reaction. Her heart was heavy with the guilt and pain of the last six months. She tried again to put her hand on Mara's shoulder.

"Mara, I just-

"I said, don't touch me mother. I hate you so much. I'd rather live in an orphanage than with you."

Katia felt as if she had been slapped. She grabbed Mara by the shoulders and shook her hard.

"Don't you ever say that again. We are a family whether you like it or not," Katia said harshly.

"If we're a family then where is dad going?" Mara shot back, "Let go of me!"

Katia ignored her and held on tightly. Her fingers were clamped tightly around Mara's arms.

"Mara, unfortunately life doesn't always go the way you want it to. I know you are hurting. I know you want to be with your father but you can't. The truth is that he can't take care of you the way he wants to. He works long hours and late nights."

"So? At least he cares about me."

Katia looked deep into her daughter's defiant blue eyes. How was she going to get through to her?"

"He does care about you, and so do I but Alan needs you and me to help him. I can't do it alone and you can't live with your father. You can only make the best of the situation Mara. Deal with it."

Katia waited for acknowledgment. Mara stared back at her mother her bottom lip trembled against her will. Fresh tears welled up in her eyes. She was torn between wanting to be with her father and realizing that deep down inside, she loved her mother too. She didn't want to be forced to choose loyalties between her parents.

When Katia realized that Alan stood at the top of the steps unable to comprehend the situation. He looked questioningly at his mother and then at his sister. Katia walked up the steps and took his hand.

"Come on Alan. We're leaving now."

They started down the steps towards the car. Mara watched them and then followed reluctantly. Everything in her cried out for rebellion. She loathed her situation and her inability to control it, but most of all she hated that she was only thirteen. When she reached the car, she waited a minute before opening the door. Alan and Katia ignored her as she slipped in the back seat. Katia started the car and drove away from the courthouse that had become a symbol of the pain they had endured. Pride prevented Mara from apologizing and anger prevented her from forgiving, but perhaps that would change in time.

Erin Carmichael SAS '00

I Started the New Year Without You

I started the new year without you,
even though you were still stuck in my mind.

I tried to forget,
but couldn't.

You were still there in my heart.
There was still a place for you that you were never able to see.

How I loved you so.
I wish you could have seen,
the special beauty that was inside of me.

You never looked.
You never cared.

I was blinded by your eyes.
They were sweet and caring,
but inside you lied and played my heart for a fool.

I am neither a fool or joker.
I am a dreamer and a lover.
Though I wish you were here,
I'll never have the chance to say,
all the things I wanted,
all the things I loved about you.

You turned me away,
for someone else who met your needs and your heart.

I wasn't good enough.
I wasn't special.

I'll save myself for someone someday who will love and honor me.

You'll be far by then,
so far it will be like death,
we will part.

This year I started the new year without you.

Cheryl Elizabeth Nyman SAS '00

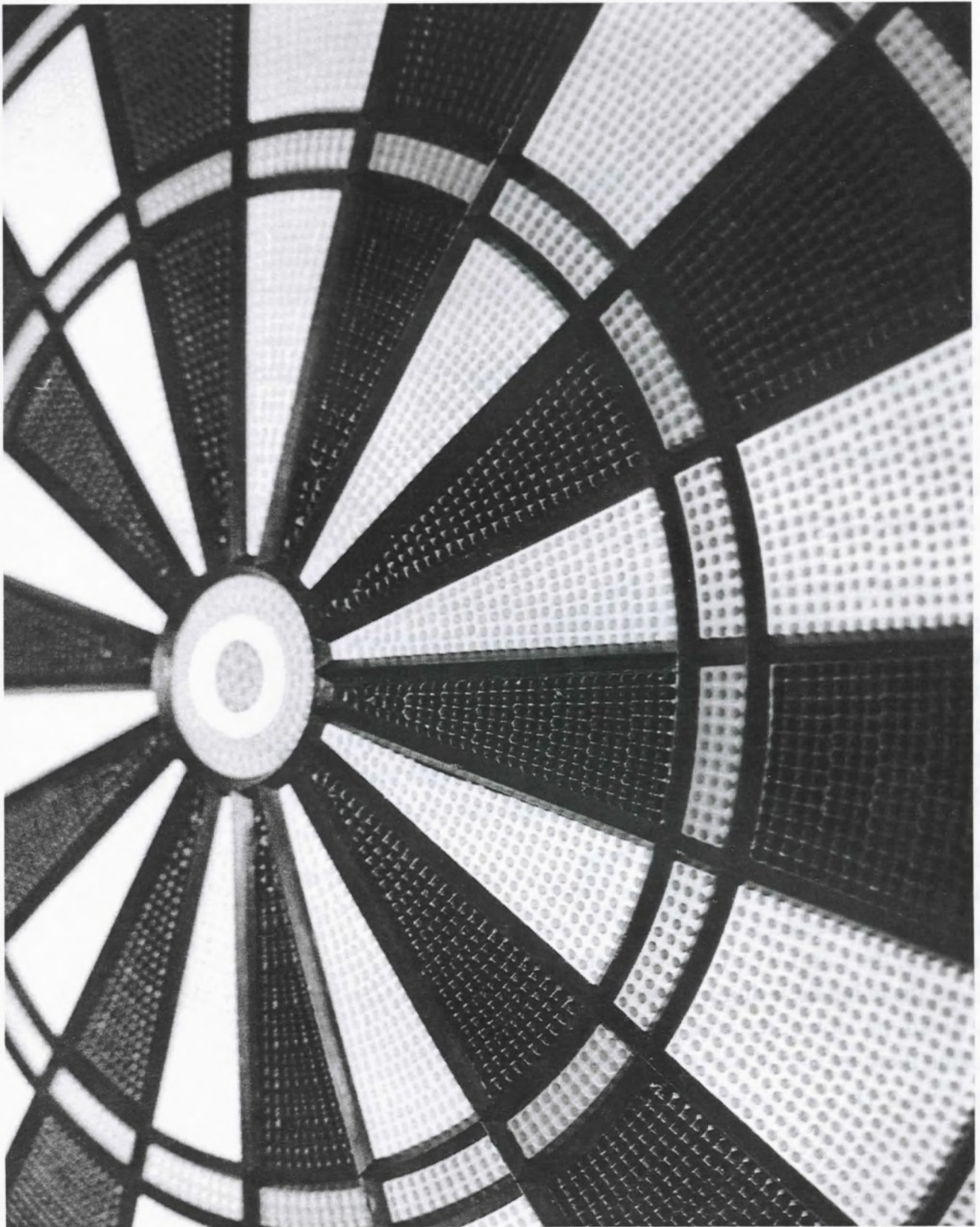


Photo by Samantha Begonja SAS '02

WONDROUS DAYS

Prose is writ in memory of life
oh, I recall the life that used to be
you touched my face and reinforced my dreams
so talented, your eyes, at giving praise
We tried to tear apart your self-esteem
and when that didn't work, we ordered pizza
such wondrous days, alas.

They are all gone, the headache days
the salad days, you ate them like a rabbit
I wrote a novel as you breathed my words
smelt of cherries, being your love puppet.
Departed always are our solemn prayers
prayers to hatred, never to come true.
My broken heart, alas.

Maybe you could fix the damage done
sniff some glue to make yourself a crown
there goes the Goddess, riding on a throne
and there, the faithful princess is a painting
behold these hands, I dug a grave for you
lay down, lay down, the rose petals are soft
breathe them in, you'll never lie again
my lily.....

Sarah Faye Starr '01

FINALS

I look out the dark window and I hear the rain,
The pitter patter sound on the window pane.
Writing paper after paper, page after page.

Why won't all this work just go away,
And give me more time to do it another day!

Too many things in my mind are circling around and around
My world now feels upside-down.

You try to stay sane during this week,
but sometimes it just makes you feel too drained and too weak.
Finals and finals, why did you come?
And make me feel so glum!

Soon it will all be over and then I will be
On my much needed break, happy and free.

Sandra Rerecic SAS '01

THOUGHTS

I'm sitting on my bed imagining your eyes
I wish I could for a moment touch
The corners- oh, so soft.
I would let my hand slip from your eyes
To the bridge of your nose
While catching that slow drop
About to beat my fingers on its run
For your lips.
I would then make my way down the pathway
Of your soft, beautiful lips
I would caress first their borders until I
Feel it's time to warm them with my breath
Then, I would close my eyes tightly
Letting my imagination transform to reality.

Patricia Bernard SAS '00



Photo by Amy Sinclair SAS '99

The Devil's Garden

After many years of darkness
you appeared:
with your angel-like face
and open heart,
bringing a light so dazzling
that I could not see.
So you took me by the hand
and led me through
your lustrous green garden
full of color and life:
aromatic scents of lilacs and orchids,
birds and butterflies aflutter.
Little by little,
as you released each one of my fingers,
telling me you were no longer my guide,
my sight returned.
I came to see
the faded flowers,
the lifeless life.
And at the far end of the garden
I saw the gate where you stood,
laughing,
holding my stolen heart
to the gray sky.

Alba N. Negron SAS '99

A Brooklyn Tale

"Murder blood upon a shoulder, kill I today and kill I tomorrow, Murder"

-Buju Banton

The voice of me is strong the power that I can give a man is unbelievable. For it is I, that all men run to. They run to me to solve their difficult problems; a simple band-aid is what I see myself being, I do not claim my victims, you do.

"It's not an easy road, Oooh oooh, oooh, it's not an easy road, them to see a glamma and a glitta and them a think it's gold..."

-Buju Banton

Summer heat. It's getting hotter and hotter by the minute. From Monday through Sunday, it has been nothing but heat. Here on Eastern Parkway Brooklyn, a society that is filled with West Indian food and culture.

Individuals here came from their country to fulfill the American dream ("Land of the free and the home of the brave,"America the land of opportunity.) Everyone is trying to turn their establishment into little Jamaica, or little Barbados, sometimes little Haiti or Trinidad , or even little Guyana. Although everyone is different, they speak a similar dialect which makes it easier to do business.

The streets are very busy and the people are always hustling and bustling trying to get from point A to point B, which usually includes catching a dollar van. The dollar van here is a quick transportation that will take the people to their destination.

"Plaza, Plaza, " is one of the everyday phrases that you hear out on Eastern Parkway by each of the dollar van drivers. Each van driver waits for you like an animal waiting to catch his prey. Each one wants your service, each one feeds and clothes himself with your service. Being a dollar van driver is also moonlighting for some of these dollar van drivers, who are trying to bring in some extra pay.

"Plaza sweetheart, anyone go to a Plaza," they say as they drive up and down the strip.

Lennox and his best partner Charlie work Eastern Parkway everyday.

They both have an understanding more than a

partnership. Well you see Charlie is a wheelchair bound bum who has one leg cut off and pushes his chair with the other. He has been wearing the same old clothes that he had since he had the job as a school janitor.

The contract between these two is as follows: Charlie waits for the number four train to pull in the subway. Then he rounds up all the customers who don't want to wait for the bus, or people who are too damn cheap to pay the \$1.50 for the bus. Charlie brings the customers and Lennox drives them and pockets the money. This is a simple and very convenient partnership between the two,

"It's not an easy road, Oooh. oooh, oooh, it's not an easy road, them a see a glamma and a glitta and them a think it's gold..."

-Buju Banton

They call me Lennox. I'm a dollar van driver here on the Parkway strip. To me, Charlie is just a lonely bum who does me favors so that I can buy him a beer or two, or even give him money to buy ganja. Me and Charlie go back a long way our relationship has lasted for over a good three-four years. I could talk to Charlie about anything. He is a wise and very religious man who is also living for the all mighty Yankee dollar.

Sometimes I would park my van, buy two bottles of beer and we gaff about back home and how things are. While the two of us do all this gaffing, we could listen to Bob Marley. Home for me is Barbados and home for Charlie is Jamaica. The two of us are different, but we're West Indians. When we finish gaffing, I do give him three dollars or sometimes if I had a good night on the road, I do buy him some Bajan food from Miss Claudette Hot Bajan Roti restaurant. Charlie always gotta craving for roti and curry with some plantains. So as a friend, I do buy it.

Ya see, me and Charlie have different a past, present, and future. I'm a family man. I love my wife Elaine and my son Shawn. I came from Barbados without my family so I had to work hard to make it here so that I can make a way for them back home. When I came here first, I had some rough times, but then I got back on my feet, and I started driving my van so I could have some money. Charlie on the other hand, is a man

who survives from the change that people does give him everyday, rolling around here with no future. He always does say to Lennox bwoy, when I had ma foot, I coulda do this, I coulda do that.

"Who the cap fits let them wear it, Who the cap fits let them wear it..."

-Bob Marley

We just love a Bob Marley tunes ya hear. I just love the positive vibes Bob Marley sends to I and I. I and I is from Jamaica, around here, they call me Charlie. Jah Rasta Fa Ri, I and I is the niah bingi of the people them. I live by the source of Jah, and only he can provide for me. My brethren Lennox is a man of many scampish ways. Sure he helps me but he's a man with a lot to tell, which will cost him very high.

I and I live for the moment, day by day I wheel maself here on the strip, preaching about Jah. I and I collect change from the people them, and roun' up customers for Lennox dollar van. I and I don't have a family of ma own, but I and I have five brothers and three sisters, and all a them is back in Jamaica. When I was twenty I came to America to make some money, so that I coulda built a shop back home. I came here and really had no plan, I just work at any job that gave me a dollar.

I ended up working for a school for this last job, mopping floors. One day I and I fell down some steps and the rest was ma wheelchair history. A man in a chair, can't do nothing much, he just pray to Jan and beg. I have so much to tell. My future here is just this chair, and Jah, no shop because as I and I said before, it's a dream.

But that Lennox, he is a man that is surviving on ma silence. He drives up and down the strip, carrying his secret weapon with him everyday. He claim to love his wife but he didn't tell she that he has another wife. I and I know, Jah Rasta Fa Ri, he came here and shack up and thing with this woman Shelia. Shelia is a nice thing, who had a little bwoy name Junior. He na tell Elaine that. Ya think that's all I know, I and I know he a mark man.

Lennox is murder, and a thief, he kill a major drug dealer and thief he money back in the contry. He is a man with a whole lotta blood on his hand. He betta confess before bobbilan come tek him way. Jah Rasta Fa Ri.

As the music of Bob Marley gets louder and

louder on the box, one would hear, "I shot the sheriff, but I didn't shoot the deputy, ooh, ooh, I shot the sheriff..."

The evening night of the hot August summer, Lennox and Charlie were talking over two beers, I was placed in the glove compartment once again. I was placed in a place where I can't be seen or heard like an abused bitch. I hear them arguing. Once again Lennox is going to retrieve me and use me again, I know his temper so well, I know how he handles things when he getting the squeeze. I'm sorry Charlie but you are holding us back. How dear you Charlie, I knew you should not have asked Lennox for money in return for your silence.

I look at Lennox all the time and speak to his mind, letting him know that it is time for him to handle his business permanently. It is time for Lennox to change his ways, it is time for him to tell the truth. A secret like this needs to be told but on the other hand, I am here to serve and to protect. Who knew that Charlie's life that night would have caused us to react? Yes Charlie is dead, and Lennox and I did it. Lennox warned him but we had to silence him. So if anyone is wondering where Charlie is, well you know.

"Murder blood upon a shoulder, kill I today and kill I tomorrow, Murder..."

-Buju Banton

Diandra E. Verwayne SAS '00



Photo by Gillian Bourassa SAS '02

SOON

The night falls once more
I crouch in darkness
Awaiting my prey
I swish my tail silently
Flexing my claws
Sniffing the wind
I can hear the scurrying
Of tiny creatures
They are too small
I cannot fail
Four open mouths
Wait for me
I crouch in darkness
Awaiting my prey
It will come
Soon.

Melissa A. Perez SAS '01



Sandra
Perezic

The Parting

The mist a whisper, crossing there, my lip
protruding, stinging, wondering at the metal
looking through the dim and chilly window
at your departure, blaze of blue and darkness
your hair like cornsilk, shimmering in a braid
or loose, untamed, as I would hold your spirit
I put my tiny hand against the glass
and turn away, I mock you not, my darling
my thoughts are sick and full of things I've lost
though you will be returning, and I know....

Such a grief, to think that I could touch you
kiss your face and look into your eyes
those lashes, and your nose, and baby skin
and listen to your heart, your hands caressing
my hair, the long and supple fingers on my flesh...

All this is what I want, but fate is cruel
and leaves me longing, you could never love me
I cry for you, cold nights when I'm alone
but I would smile, deny myself, retreat
if that would make you happy, my sweet beauty;
would even leave and die a thousand deaths
I am your slave, I do what you say to
so lay down, treasure, have no fear of me
I love to watch you sleep, I force contentment...

Sarah Faye Starr '01

Lessons of Love

At the tender age of nine his life was already long lived. You could tell just by glancing at him, though he had a young face, his eyes looked more than twice his age. As though he had seen so much, done so much. But they were just the windows to his soul.

He found himself wondering many times if love was supposed to be like this. His mother always said, "love hurts." If that was the case he had the scars to prove he was loved a lot. Whips, slaps, and blows to the body were for not cleaning the house right. Followed by his mother coming in at night, opening the door with the light shining behind her so you only saw a person saying, "I love you."

In school the little boy was known for always starting problems. He finished each day in the school yard with a crowd cheering in the background while he was fighting. "Why?" the teachers always asked him. "Why?" the guys he was fighting would ask. All along he thought in his mind... "because I love you."

Lauren Persons-Lopez SAS '02

School Days

This is the war zone- battle plans as follows. My mission- I must choose to accept it. It is to avoid jock A and jock B from throwing me into trash cans C or D. If I fail, well, I usually do, I will be punched until black and blue, and as I said before, thrown into trash can D. I will also suffer supreme humiliation, aka people pointing and laughing, and will reek of grade F beef.

Welcome to my life. Looking at my "friends" they smile meekly at me too chicken to do anything about what's about to happen. They have to save their own skins. They deserve to be picked on. Ok, ok so I'm not being fair. I really don't care. *They* don't get thrown in the garbage with lovely cafeteria food everyday, now do they?

I wear glasses and have enough metal in my mouth to pull in popular radio stations without a walkman. Ok, now you are wondering where are my lovely parents while this is happening. Let's just say that they're a bit preoccupied at the moment.

My father died a year ago. My mother doesn't have the energy to move out of bed. I screen phone calls just in case the school decides to get cute and call my mother to say,

"Zack hasn't been attending classes and his grades are poor. Any problems?"

No. I intercept all of my report cards. I'm beginning to think that even if I showed them to her, she would shrug and say,

"You'll do better."

They want me to see the school shrink. Some tightwad, who couldn't get a real job, to ask me,

"How do you feel?"

Yes, how do I feel? My mother doesn't even take care of herself. I watched my father die of brain cancer. I watched that man go from being able to lift 250 easy, to not even be able to

pee and shit in a toilet. Hmm...let me think. Yes, how does it feel when your own father looks at you and doesn't even recognize you? Like you don't exist. He left the lesser Zack Chandler to deal with his mess. I still don't exist. Nothing much has changed.

Now, my mother doesn't know I'm alive. I wonder sometimes, does anyone? Does she know that I don't go to that budget shrink she thinks she's been sending me to?

I take the ten dollars and save it, for a rainy day. Like my dad used to say, "Well, now it's raining."

Mom hasn't worked since my father died. All she does is sit there and stare at a picture of him. Or, on really *good* days, she watches the home movies of all of us. I think I memorized all of them. I can still hear my father with his booming voice. She watches them all night and sleeps all day.

I make sure she takes care of herself. She eats. Sometimes. If I left I think she would be happier. I sometimes hear her say,

"I just can't take care of him. I died when you did. But still, I can't leave him. I'm no use to him. Just no use."

Then I hear her sobbing and sobbing. The noise is real annoying. I can't sleep when she does that to me. I'm really tired because she was like that all night. She set a record. Five hours straight. I was impressed.

Sometimes I think I should run away. From everything. But, I can't. Like I can't run away from school bullies, I can't run away from Mom. Who'll take care of her? Not her parents, or my dad's. They just don't care. Will running away make these people stop dumping me in a trash can? I don't think so. It would be one day of them leaving me alone, but they would find me. I bet they would. I think they would enjoy it more. If I just stand here and let them do it,

they can't really do anything much to hurt me. So they punch me once or twice. Big shit. If I ran, I could just imagine how much fun that would be.

"Are you ready?"

I hear a voice from back of me. It's here.

"Ready for what?" I try to keep the fear from rising in my voice.

I feel the front of my shirt tightening around my neck. I just looked down and realized something. My feet aren't touching the ground. There is the other one. Here we go.

"Just hold still, it won't hurt as much."

Jock B released his fist into my stomach. I feel the pain. It's bad. Real bad. Please, someone help me. What about you? Yeah you. Don't just sit there. Please. You care don't you? You wouldn't be here if you didn't. Please. No one cares.

"That's right. No one cares," jock A says.

Great. That just gave them something more to make fun of me for. Thank God for that.

Jock A slips. Freedom. Here's my chance, I'm almost...

"Gotcha," jock B says. He grabs my shoulder. I'm staring into his eyes. Oh man. I'm going to get it bad. He's at least six inches taller than I am, and twice as big. He's the first to look away.

I feel my shirt tighten again. This time I'm hurled on the floor. Both of them take turns spitting and punching me. Not my fault that you slipped. I almost got away. Please someone help me. The lunch aids aren't paying attention. They never do. One looked my way. I begged with my eyes. She turned away. Of course, she wouldn't discipline her own son for my sake. She makes the others ignore me too. No one is going to help me. I hear their laughter ringing in my ears. There is no God. If there was, hello, someone would be helping me before I land in the trash can.

I need my dad. He could help me. He

would, if he knew what these people were doing. Jock A and B would get their asses tattooed. Mom would be normal.

I feel myself in the trash can. I just heard the bell ring. Everyone is leaving. I see people making a point to throw their garbage in the canister that I'm in. Someone just grounded my face into some pudding. Thanks, buddy. And you. All you did was sit and watch. Thanks. Like you could if you wanted to.

I lift my head and sigh with relief. No one is left. Well, it's just you and me. I think I'll name you Charles. You like your name don't you. I know, cool name. Let's just sit here for a while and talk. I have no place to be, do you? Yeah, I understand. Well, if you must go...No, I'm not going with you. I'll stay here for a while. Yes, in the can. The custodian usually comes in a couple of hours.

Meanwhile, I think I'll get some sleep. Did you know my dad died a year ago today? Yeah man, thanks for the sympathy. Well, you gotta go and I ain't gonna keep you. You don't need to get in trouble for me. Thanks for offering to check on me. Yeah, if you want to. I don't mind. You want to hear about my dad? *You do?* It won't take long. I promise.

Jamie Kennelley SAS '00

Still Howling

We are the Barney generation; spoon fed Sesame Street lies along with our alphabet. You found Hanna-Barbera an eager baby-sitter. Didn't anyone ever have the sense to turn it off?

And we sat there expectantly in our jumpin' johnnies listening to the pretty pictures. Jim Henson made the world seem like such a happy place with goofy puppets, but our first hand experiences were nothing like the pretty pictures presented to us.

Some couldn't deal with this; these were the weak ones. The ones who tried to make themselves martyrs by devouring a final supper of acetaminophen with a razor blade, their only culinary utensil. They said good-bye with a dilute wash of blood. The rest of the world was unfeeling. Darwinian thinkers; only the strong survive.

Those who were not destined for immortality spent time looking at the world through barred windows at grasslands or St. Vincent's. Mary Louis, a modern day nurse wratchet makes them pop Prozac, Zoloft, Haldol, Thorazine; candy coated comfort; when in reality they are just trading one babysitter for another.

Those that were strong forged their own society. Alternative, sadistic masochists. We swear by Greenday, Greenpeace, graft, graffiti, gangbangs, Antichrist, crack, cocaine, chronic, wacko Waco, weed, worried yet?

We are your love; we are your creation. You can not just turn us off or treat us with indifference because we won't die softly. When your heartbeat is nothing but ashes to ashes, dust to dust, we will be here, still howling.

Tara Kistler SAS '01

Letters

write you letters
all or little time...

you cannot find

write you letters
full of love...

you think nothing of

write you letters
sugar coated...

you fail to notice

write you letters
proposing an
ultimatum...

you ask for forgiveness

write you letters
proving your guilt...

you claim you're innocent

write you letters
plain and simple...

you act resentful

write you letters
clear & true-
plainly factual...

you are absent, you refuse to admit it

write you letters
for the last time...

you care not to reply

write you letters
never again...

you weren't meant to happen

Barbara Crespo SAS '02

Going Home

A cold day in November
sees me going home.

Leaving the smell of cement
and ingrained graffiti
rust, dead leaves and slang
A city I never knew about
and now sleep in.

A train that feels like an airplane
soaring through cities
passing tollbooths,
orange 18 wheelers
and American flags on machinery

Open and vast land piled with wood
that smells like burnt houses
old cars that smell like burnt love
under clouds that resemble O'Keefe's hand

Vines climbing buildings
mixing with the smell of mens cologne
and old people coughing

I find it so ugly and pathetic
it turns completely real and
beautiful

I feel so alive and anxious
to hug the people I love
to climb back to
my cradle of Maine.

Gillian Bourassa SAS '02



Photo by Gillian Bourassa SAS '02